

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 7.—VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1809.

No. 1049

MISTRUST;

OR,

BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT:

A FEUDAL ROMANCE.

(In Continuation.)

The sun was setting, and it was time for her to return home. She threw herself on her knees before the crucifix, which she had herself placed on the rough-hewn altar; she poured forth a prayer of fervent gratitude to St. Hildegarde, traced a cross upon her forehead, and bosom with the same holy water, which had formerly quenched the thirst of that virgin martyr, and then bidding a tender adieu to the cavern in which she had passed so many happy moments, she sped back towards the Castle, the scarf fluttering in the evening breeze as she retraced the secret passages.

She was proceeding towards her own apartment, when in crossing a gallery which was connected with the great hall, she was alarmed by seeing several domestics hurrying backwards and forwards in confusion; she stooped and listened; she heard her father's name frequently repeated, and at length caught some words, as if some accident had happened to him. Now then every thing else was forgotten in the apprehension of his being in danger. She flew towards his apartment, which was on the other side of the castle; but in crossing the great hall, she was detained by the young Baron of Hartfield.

"Heaven be thanked that I have found you, lady!" said he, taking her hand affectionately—"The Countess charged me to seek you, and prevent your being suddenly alarmed.—Nay, look not so terrified! on my knightly word there is no danger, and a few hours will restore your father to that fortitude, of which the too great sensibility of his nature has at present deprived him."

"Oh! what has happened? what has overcome his fortitude? something dreadful, surely! is he ill, Sir Ottokar? Oh! assure me, at least, that he is not ill!"

"His illness is merely temporary; by this time no doubt it is quite past. It is true, his senses forsook him for a time; he fainted, and—"

"He fainted? Oh! heavens! let me hasten to him this moment!"

"You must not, till you are more calm.—Your present agitation would affect him, and probably occasion a relapse. Suffer me to lead you into a less public apartment; there you shall hear all that has happened, and when your spirits are composed, you shall then carry peace and consolation to the wounded feelings of your father."

But the emotions of Blanche could admit of no delay; she still hurried onwards; and as, in fact, Sir Ottokar had only wished to detain her, in order that he might enjoy her society for a few minutes without restraint, all that he had to communicate was told, before they reached the Count's chamber door.

Interspersing his discourse with many compliments to his auditors, and insinuations of the tender interest which he felt for her, the Baron now related, that the business of the Count of Frankheim's herald was to accuse Gustavus of the assassination of the Count's youngest son, Joscelyn, and to proclaim open and inveterate feuds between the families of Frankheim and Orenberg. This the herald had not only announced to Gustavus in the most disrespectful manner, but had thought proper to repeat the purport of his mission publicly in the court-yard; at the same time accompanying his speech with such insulting remarks upon their master and his whole family, that the indignation of the vassals became outrageous, and threatened the innocent herald with consequences the most dangerous. The Count of Orenberg was alarmed at the tumult, and hastened to the court-yard to appease his incensed people, whose affection for them was unbounded. Gustavus was but just recovered from a perilous malady, occasioned by grief for the loss of his last male heir; he was still in a state of lamentable weakness, and the shock of being so unexpectedly accused of assassination had greatly increased the irritability of his nerves, which naturally was excessive; yet still he exerted himself most strenuously in endeavouring to quell the confusion. But in vain did he command his vassals to be silent and temperate; in vain did he conjure the herald to be gone, if he valued his own safety. The insolent emissary persisted in heaping taunt upon taunt, and slander upon slander. The people grew more incensed at every word that he uttered; and at length overcame with agitation, heat, fatigue, and weakness, Gustavus sank into the arms of his attendants, and was conveyed to his apartment in a state of insensibility. However, he was already nearly recovered, when Ulrica requested Sir Ottokar to seek her daughter, and relate what had happened, lest she should be unnecessarily alarmed.

But Blanche loved her father too dearly to believe that he was quite out of danger, till her own eyes had convinced her of his health and safety. She found him very pale and feeble, "and his recollection was yet scarcely clear enough to permit his perfectly understanding the events which had taken place. Blanche sank on her knees by the couch, on which he was reposing, and threw her white arms round his neck affectionately.

"You have heard it all, my child?" said Gustavus; "you know, of how dreadful a crime your father is accused? but surely you will not believe me capable of ——"

"Nor she, nor any one can believe it," interrupted Ulrica, "except those who are interested in working the destruction of you and all your house. Nay more; every one, except yourself, knew well, that sooner or later, the rancour and avarice of Count Rudiger must end in open war; but I little thought, that he would have advanced so gross a falsehood, as an excuse for commencing hostilities! they to accuse you of murdering a child! they, who themselves but seven months ago deprived us ——"

"Peace! peace! Ulrica, no more of that! But tell me—my ideas are still so wandering—Is it then true, that Rudiger's son is murdered?"

"It is but too certain. He was found dead in one of our forests, and what makes the fact more distressing is, that one of our domestics was the assassin. He confessed his crime on the rack, and died in a few minutes afterwards—died (horrible to tell!) with a lie still warm upon his lips. For, Oh! my husband, in his last moments he declared, that he had been bribed by you to assassinate the poor child!"

"By me!" exclaimed Gustavus, and started from his couch; "confest it? no; this is not to be endured! under such an imputation there is no living. Bring my armour; saddle my steed! I will hasten this moment to Frankheim; I will assert my innocence with all the irresistible energy of truth; I will demand to be tried by every ordeal, by fire, by water—Nay, nay, detain me not, I must to Rudiger this instant, and either convince him that I am guiltless, or perish by his hand."

He was rushing toward the door, but all present hastened to impede his passage.

"Count, this is insanity!" exclaimed Sir Ottokar; "you are rushing on inevitable destruction! Rudiger is not to be convinced. He has vowed your destruction with the most solemn and terrible adjurations; nor your destruction only; his vengeance includes all who are related to you, all who love you! your wife, your daughter, your very domestics."

"My daughter?" repeated Gustavus, clasping his hands in an agony of horror; "my innocent Blanche?"

"All! all are involved in Count Rudiger's plan of vengeance! He has sworn to give your castle a prey to the flames, and to feed them with its wretched inmates. No man, no child, no, not the very dog that now licks your hand, shall be suffered to escape! This did I myself hear the Count of Frankheim swear last night at the burial of his murdered child; and his friends, his servants, his vassals, all made St. John's vaults echo, while with one voice they repeated the bloody, the diabolical oath. My friendship for you, my lord, and my alarm for the safety of the Lady Blanche, made me hasten homewards to summon the assistance of my followers; they are mounted to the number of forty, well armed and accoutred, and I have conducted them hither prepared to spill the last drop of their blood in vindication of your innocence, and in defence of the Countess and your lovely daughter."

"I thank you, Sir Ottokar, and should there be no means of avoiding this unnatural war, I shall profit with gratitude by your kind and ready friendship. But still I indulge the hope of peace; I have no real fault towards Rudiger; and could I but contrive a personal interview with him—could I but explain the injustice of his suspicions—at least I will make the attempt; and perhaps—Ha! well remembered! Kurt," he continued, addressing himself to a grey-headed domestic, who was standing near the door, "is the herald yet gone?"

'Gone?' repeated the old man, shaking his head with a smile of satisfaction—'No, truly, nor likely to go, the villain!'

'Then call him hither instantly—He shall bear my request for an interview with Rudiger, and—How is this, Kurt? why, do you still linger here? I would have the herald come to me—bring him this moment.'

(To be Continued.)

FRAGMENT.

It was an evening in September, when being induced from the fineness of the weather to take a ramble, I had not wandered far before my ears were arrested by the sound of music, which seemed to proclaim mirth and revelry. I was inclined to follow it, thinking it to be at no great distance. I presently turned up a lane, the extremity of which disclosed to my view a spacious modern building. I learned from some people passing, that the master of the mansion had that day been married; he was a handsome, gay, dissipated young man; possessed of an affluent fortune; and was, what is commonly called, a great man. I soon found means, to enter the dwelling, as the neighbours were permitted to see the sumptuously-laid table for the supper of the company, who were then engaged in a dance in another apartment. I proceeded thither; and, unnoticed, beheld what passed. I soon discovered the happy couple, by the gaudy trappings (so indicative of pomp) in which they were arrayed, and the overstrained politeness of all the guests; who, I afterwards understood, were mostly the respectable inhabitants of the next village. At length the ball broke up, and they retired to the supper-room. After the repast was finished, wines, spirits, and fruit, were introduced; and every one drank health and happiness to the bridegroom and his fair bride. I had retired for about an hour; when, on returning I beheld the scene entirely changed. Most of the company, feeling the power of the liquor they had drunk, displayed a sight so disgusting to me, that I left the house; and finding the moon shone in all her splendour, I pursued my walk, till I recollect I must be near the habitation of my old friend Mr. F., whom I had not seen for many years. I felt a strong desire to see if I should know the place, though I supposed the inhabitants were all fast locked in the arms of the sleepy god. I was shortly undeceived, by seeing a glimmering light in one of the rooms. I advanced, and, knocking, demanded admittance for an old acquaintance. The door was instantly opened by a beautiful little girl, who appeared to have been recently weeping. I asked her if her father was at home. She answered in the affirmative; and shewed me into a plain but neatly furnished parlour, where sat my friend in company with a genteel looking young man: they both appeared to be engaged in deep and melancholy conversation. I was about to retire, when Mr. F. requested me to be seated. It was some minutes after I had given him my name before he recollect me. I asked after his family: his only answer was a deep and long drawn sigh. I did not venture to repeat my question. The young man rose to depart. 'Charles, do not leave us,' exclaimed Mr. F. He turned round with a look of pensive sadness, and said he would be back in a few minutes. I thought something terrible must be the matter. My friend seized my hand, exclaiming, 'You know not what I have suffered since last I saw you.' At that instant the little girl, who had been sent to announce my arrival, entered, and said her mamma was prepared to see me. He asked me if I had any objection to enter a gloomy chamber, to which he led the way. Mrs. F. met me at the door, but was unable to utter a word: a chair had been previously placed for me. 'But what a spectacle did I here behold! A lovely young woman, whom I knew when a child, lay stretched on the bed of sickness. Charles was sitting beside her, with her hand folded in his: a heavenly smile beamed on her pallid countenance. She had been exhorting him to comfort her parents, and bear patiently her loss, with the hope of meeting in another and a better world. The sight was too much for me. I arose, and wishing them consolation, left the house, ruminating on the different scenes I had witnessed. My friend attended me to the door. He pressed my hand, and I proceeded homewards, reflecting on the follies and vanities of life.'

NIGHT.

AN ELEGY.

Lo! not a whisper's heard! the restless wind
Suspends its murmurs thro' the greenwood shade;
Nature is silent, and the wearied hind
Within his lonely cot in peace is laid.

No contemptation fills the tranquil soul:
No glaring object strikes the resting eye,
No sound the ear; the wind now spurns control,
And hushed in silence rebel passions lie.

Within yon hamlet now the poor enjoy
The balmy bliss that flies the troubled great;
Their quiet breasts no factious cares annoy;
No guilt disturbs, no sorrows agitate.

Around their humble couch an infant train
Breathe their light slumbers, and the airy dreams
Float unconstrained—ah! seldom big with pain,
Of pouring pleasure in exhaustless streams.

The scripted peasant rules in mimic state;
Perhaps the monarch serves the meanest slave.—
Ah! what avails the glory of the great?
Now lost in sleep for ever in the grave.

Sleep on in peace. Ah! happy ye that sleep!
But, lo! athwart the gloom, yon twinkling light
Bespeaks it joy or pain? Laugh they, or weep,
Who hover round it in the dead of night?

Perhaps some happy swain to day has led
Home to his cot the long desired fair;
In festive joys the nightly hours have fled,
In rustic mood around the youthful pair!

Ab! no; perhaps some aged sire is laid,
Breathless and faint, amid his children's cries;
His faltering tongue with blessings loads their
heads.—

Ask'd of kind Heaven with his uplifted eyes.

'Go, pious offspring! and restrain these tears,
I fly to regions of eternal bliss;
Heaven, in your favor, hears my dying prayers;
Take my last blessing in this clay cold kiss.'

Perhaps some sage well skilled in nature's lore,
Now burns with watchful care the midnight oil;
Discovering systems yet unknown before,
Ardent he labours, and forgets the toil.

Some statesman, anxious for his country's weal;
Perhaps the late of mighty empire scans;
His anxious brow no soft repose can find,
While in his heart he weighs the various plans.

Perhaps some glow-worm on the verdant mead,
In gaudy pomp, its shining vest displays:
How easy 'tis our fancy to mislead,
Lost and bewildered in thought's endless maze!

Too apt, alas! to follow glow-worm toys,
And quit the path which wisdom deigns to shew,
We leave behind us more substantial joys,
Nor, till too late, our fatal error know.

See, in the east the wish'd-for dawn appears;
The azure sky is streaked with flaming red:
Each mortal rises now to diff'rent fates,
By fancy prompted, or by duty led.

DANGER.

HIGH o'er the headlong torrent's foamy fall,
Whose waters howl along the rugged steep,
On the loose jutting rock, or mouldering wall,
See where gaunt danger lays him down to sleep:
The piping winds his mournful vigils keep.
The lightnings blue his stony pillow warm—
Anon incumbent o'er the dreary deep,
The fiend enormous strides the labouring storm,
And 'mid the thunderous strife expands his giant
form.'

MARCH.

A SONNET.

March with a modest primrose decked appears,
A flower unenvied of the tulip gay;
Whose simple bloom the sinking soul more cheers
Than all the flaunting train of summer's day.

Though cutting winds still round its green bed fly,
Though March no zephyred softness deigns to bring,
Though clouds collecting still obscure the sky,
Yet, 'tis the herald sure of coming spring:

For, when March sinks in unlamented death,
And seeks some colder clime's uncheering skies,
As a last boon to grace his parting breath,
He bids a softer season swift arise;
And sends, to rid us of our wintry fears,
A month—adorned alike with smiles and tears,

ELEGANT AND MORAL.

Good counsel rejected, returns to enrich the giver's bosom.

It has ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment: every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim.

True wit is propriety of sentiment, with vivacity of expression.

No circumstances can communicate happiness.

The most depraved of the human species are never totally lost to all the softer feelings.

A fellow-feeling for every one of our species in distress is the most godlike virtue.

When once a bashful man has been forced into company and familiarity, by unavoidable contingencies, he is very prone to say more than, than another who has not half his modesty.

Of all mortals they are the most exquisitely miserable who groan beneath the pressure of a melancholy mind, or smart under the lashes of a resentful conscience though robed in ermine or covered with jewels: the state of a slave chained to the galley, or of an exile condemned to the mines, is a perfect paradise when compared with theirs.

Tenderness for woman is so far from lessening, that it proves a true manly character.

A STORY OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Branstone, a respectable French author, relates, that in the reign of Francis I. a young lady, who had a very talkative lover, laid her commands upon him, to observe an absolute silence for an unlimited time. The lover obeyed the order for two years! during which space it was thought, that by some accident or other he had lost the use of his speech. He happened one day to be at an assembly, where he met his mistress, who was not known as such, love being conducted in those days in a more mysterious manner than at present. The lady boasted she could cure him instantly, and did it with a single word, Speak!—What more could the Pythagorean philosophy have done with all its parade and boasting? Is there a lady now that could depend upon so exact an obedience, even for only a single day? But the times of chivalry, in particular, afforded examples, almost incredible, of attachment carried even to adoration, which the knights and other military heroes of those ages, constantly evinced for their mistresses, to whom indeed they were, in the literal sense of their amorous professions—the devoted slaves.

ANECDOTE.

An honest bluff country farmer meeting the parson of the parish in a by-lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson, with an erected crest, told him he was better fed than taught. 'Very true, indeed, Sir,' replied the farmer, 'for you teach me, and I feed myself.'

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 25, 1809.

The city inspector reports the death of 42 persons during the week ending on Saturday last, of whom 26 were Adults and 16 Children, viz. apoplexy 1, child bed 1, cold 2, consumption 10, convulsions 3, decay 1, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 1, drowned 1, puerperal fever 1, typhus fever 1, fracture 1, frost bitten 1, hives 2, inflammation of the stomach 1, inflammation of the lungs 2, inflammation of the bowels 1, oldage 2, palsy 1, pleurisy 2, still-born 2, syphilis 1, whooping-cough 2, worms 1.

On Sunday evening last, the Pennypack Paper Mills, with all their contents, the property of Messrs. G. and W. Langstruth were destroyed by fire. The loss sustained, is about \$20,000. Some suspicion are entertained, that the fire was intentionally communicated.

On Monday last, the printing-office of W. Tuttle, at Newark, was principally destroyed by fire.

On Tuesday the 14th inst. the large cotton manufactory at Bloomfield, near Newark, together with all its contents, was entirely consumed by fire. We understand that the property was owned wholly or in part by the ingenious Mr. Crosby, and that the actual loss he has sustained is estimated at about fifteen thousand dollars.

Mcr. Ad.

The Charleston Courier, of the 11th, mentions, that two attempts had been made to set the town of Winnisborough, S. C. on fire.—The first attempt was made on the 9th inst. at a time and place, that threatened the destruction of that village; but, by great exertions, no material damage occurred, except the destruction of a large frame building occupied as a school-house, belonging to the heirs of Capt. John Milling. The second attempt was made the next morning, on a private dwelling, but without success.

On the evening of the 9th inst. a large new brick house in East-Bay-street, Charleston, with the out-buildings, was destroyed by fire.

Some time since an alarming fire broke out in Bear-alley, Fleet-market, London, in the house of Mr. Stepioe, a butcher, who has likewise a shop in the market. The accident happened in consequence of a maid-servant imprudently leaving the candle with the children after she had put them to bed. The girl went out for some porter, and, on her return, found that the flames had not only consumed the bed-curtains, but had reached the bed-room door; she made every effort to gain admission; but finding it impracticable, immediately gave the alarm, when every one became anxious for the safety of the children—every endeavour, however, to save them unfortunately proved fruitless; and the children, three of them, the eldest eleven years of age, were burnt to death. A fourth child, an infant of nine months old, was preserved by the mother, who ran up from the market, and saved her child's life at the imminent risk of her own: she is now most dangerously ill.

The appearance of the fire at the early part of its career was extremely awful, and

seemed to threaten the adjoining houses with destruction; but, from the timely assistance of the firemen, who exerted themselves in a becoming manner, it soon began to lose its alarming aspect. The houses on each side were much damaged, particularly that of Mr. Lines, who has lost a considerable part of his furniture. Parties of the third London, and other volunteers, attended with the greatest promptitude, and were extremely useful to the distressed inhabitants.

Savannah, March 7.—A riot occurred on Sunday afternoon, between some of the United States troops quartered here and a party of sailors. From what we can learn, the former were the aggressors; though the fracas appears to have originated from several trifling squabbles which have taken place within a week or two past. On Sunday, however, they appeared in considerable numbers, armed with bludgeons and knives—a contest ensued, and much mischief would have been done, had it not been for the timely interference of the civil authority aided by the volunteer corps, who speedily put a stop to their proceedings, and restored the quietness of the city. Several of the soldiers and sailors were wounded; but none that we have heard of are in danger. About thirty or forty of the rioters were committed to gaol the same afternoon, and were yesterday examined before the county judges, when all were liberated except five of the principals, who were remanded to prison, for trial at the next Superior Court.

Norfolk, March 1.—We learn that a duel was fought last week in North Carolina, between a Mr. Cabell, and a Mr. Jones, both of William and Mary College, which terminated by the latter receiving his antagonist's shot in the thigh at the first fire.

On Tuesday night the 21st ult. at a tavern in Halifax, North Carolina, a dispute arose between a Mr. Alston and a Mr. Tarleton Johnson, in consequence of which, Mr. Alston took up a large carving knife to stab Mr. Johnson, but failed in the attempt, they were separated, but Mr. A. soon afterwards returned and insulted Mr. J. again, which roused him to give Mr. A. a violent push, when he left the room in search of pistols, which he procured, and declared publicly he would put Mr. J. to death; but not being able to find him that evening he next day repeated his search, and discovered through a window Mr. J. in a room with some gentlemen, who prevented his horrid intention from being put into execution. Mr. J. then applied to the civil authority to have Mr. Alston arrested, but could not procure assistance to effect it. Mr. J. in order to guard against the threats of Alston, purchased a musket to defend himself, as he was then going out of town. Mr. Alston followed him with a determination to take his life, and Mr. Johnson repeatedly turned round desiring him to desist; but Mr. A. would not, and while Mr. J. was descending a hill, he, Mr. A. snapped his pistol two or three times, Mr. J. then immediately after crossing a creek, finding Mr. A. determined to pursue, turned round, fired and killed him on the spot. Mr. A. had just time before he expired, to request a gentleman that was near him to see him decently buried. Mr. Johnson returned to town and gave himself up to the court, when he was immediately set to bail.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Oh! let hymeneal fetters prove
Propitious; and connubial love
Increase each coming day!
May many a lovely offspring rise,
To charm your hearts and please your eyes,
And soothe your cares away!

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson; Mr. John B. Woodward, to Miss Ann Voorhis, all of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. Timothy Bloomfield Crowell, to Miss Maria Van Borne, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. William Clark (of the house of Clark and Ogilby) to Miss Jane Bashford, all of this city.

MORTALITY.

Nature reclaims her gift's indulgent given,
Transports them far above all transient ill;
Spotless restores them to the arms of Heav'n,
Whose lamp in Death's dark vale enlightens still.

DIED,

On Monday morning last, Mrs. Mary Walsh, aged 46 years, wife of Mr. John Walsh.

On Thursday morning, Mrs. Abigail Marvin, wife of Samuel Marvin, Esq. of this city, in the 49th year of her age.

At Alexandria, on the 16th inst. Robert T. Hoe, Esq. in the 66th year of her age.

At Seville, (Spain) on the 30th Dec. aged 81 years and 2 months, his Serene Highness, Don Josef Monino, Count de Florida Blanca, President of the Supreme Council of Government of the Kingdom, Senior Member of his Majesty's Council of state, Knight of the celebrated order of the Golden Fleece, and Grand Cross of the Royal and distinguished order of Charles the Third, &c. &c.

SALES AT AUCTION,
BY ROBERT M'MENNOMY,
This evening, at half past 5 o'clock, at his Auction-Room, No. 120, Water-street, next to the
Tontine Coffee House,
A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS
AND STATIONARY.
March 25, 1809. 1040—tf.

CHARLES SPENCER, CONFECTONER,

Inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed to No. 118, Broadway, opposite the City hotel, where he carries on his business in its various branches, and hopes, by strict attention, still to deserve public patronage. Families supplied with Plum-cake iced and neatly ornamented—Tea-cakes of every description—Pyramids, Ice cream, Blanch-monge, Jellies, &c.—Country Orders punctually attended to.
March 11. 1047—6m.

S. DAWSON'S,
WARRANTED DURABLE INK,
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE
by the quantity or single bottle, at No 8, Peck-Slip,
and at the Proprietor's 48, Frankfort-street.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY, OF

EVERY DESCRIPTION,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.
Bibles, Testaments, Manners, Spelling-Books, Primers, Gough's, Fenning's, Hamilton's, Walsh's, Walmington's, and Dilworth's Arithmetics; Walker's, Sheridan's, Baylie's, Webster's, and Entick's Dictionaries. Writing and Letter Paper, Quills, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Ink Powder, Ink Stands, Pencils, Indian Rubber, Indian Ink, Blank Books, &c.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
A middle aged WOMAN, to do the work of a
small family, inquire at this office. Feb 25

COURT OF APOLLO.

TIM SHALLOWPATE.

TIM SHALLOWPATE, a roving youth,
Of every virtue was possess'd,
Excepting honor, faith and truth,
Religion, candour, and the rest,
Tim, though a valatudinarus,
Like many a fool,
Of fashion's school,
Would swear and bluster, scold and fight,
No matter whether wrong or right,
But in a book,
Would seldom deign to look,
So being but a bad grammarian,
Would often cry,
Study will never do for I,

I read, indeed! no, sure 'tis much more betterer,
To game, and drink, and laugh, intriguing, et cetera.

A friend oft ventured to reprove,
But vain was all his kind advice,
His shallow head, or callous heart to move,
Intemperate pleasures still the youth entice.
At length he cried, my counsels I give o'er;
Soon, thou unthinking youth,
Deaf to the voice of truth,
Wilt thou thy guilty course deplore,
If thus thou still continuest to behave,
Like one who sought for filial duty cares,
Thou wilt with sorrow hasten to the grave,
Thy tender sire's grey hairs.

"A fool!" thought Tim,
"What are my father's hairs to him?"
Then turning sharp, he cried with valour big,
"You lie! that's flat,
I fear not that,
Old grey beard, know, my father wears a wig."

EPITAPH.

By a Gentleman, to the Memory of his wife.

FAREWELL, my best beloved, whose heavenly mind,
Genius and virtue, strength with softness joined,
Devotion undebased by pride or art,
With meek simplicity and joy of heart.
Tho' sprightly, gentle—tho' polite, sincere,
And only of thyself a judge severe,
Unblamed, unequalled in each sphere of life,
The tenderest daughter, sister, parent, wife;
In thee their patroness the afflicted lost;
Thy friends, their pattern ornament, and boast;
And I—but ah! can words my loss declare,
Or paint th' extremes of transport and despair?
O thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my best beloved, farewell!

EXTRACT.

Is a man sinking, his friends let go their hold, and turn their backs upon him, no body so much as gives himself the trouble to cry help! his very relations disown him, they could wish he was not of their name, no one can bear to be thought connected with him! Does he come up again, every one makes towards him, his foot is no sooner on the land, than there is a slave who shall wipe him dry, his acquaintance are for being his relations, and his cousins, his brothers, there is no being too intimate with him!

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

MR. WALDO has just returned from London, where he passed the last three years under the instructions of Mr. West, at the Royal Academy. He has the honour of offering his services, in the line of his profession, to the Ladies and Gentlemen of New-York and its vicinity, at No. 27, Partition-Street.

March 18

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

FOR SALE BY
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

At the Sign of the Golden Rose,
NO. 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamental Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Bath superior to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roast for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Rosess so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's Sacoynette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Cymical Dentrifrice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair Powder. Almond powder for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Potions 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2s and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 6s and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatum

For sale, a very fine toned GRAND PIANO-FORTE, of Messrs. Broadwood and Son, London—selected by Mr. Frederick Rausch.

FOR SALE,
A FARM AND MILLS,
in the County of Orange State of New York, 1½ miles from Cornwall Landing, and 60 miles from the City of New-York.—The Farm contains 120 acres, mostly good land, with sufficient meadow and wood, the best kinds of grafted fruit, apple, pear, peach, plums, &c. a good dwelling-house, barn, and other out-houses, and a well by the door. The Mill is 40 by 50 feet, built of stone. It is a strong building, with two run of Burr stones, and a good stream, and may be converted to carrying on any kind of manufacture.—The whole is to be sold cheap, and a good title will be given by the subscriber, on the premises.

CALEB SUTTON.

1035—tf

LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE.

FREDERICK W. DANNENBERG
Proposes to give Lessons on the Piano-Forte, at his residence, No. 60, Maiden-lane, on the following Terms.

- To enable him to pay the utmost attention to the progress of his Pupils, he will engage with Only Twelve Scholars.
- Six scholars to form a Class, and to be taught at a time.
- Each class to receive their lessons twice a week, from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.
- Each class to consist of scholars of equal capacity, so as to render the instructions in their progress equally beneficial to all.
- As soon as six scholars have offered, the Tuition to commence.
- Terms 8 12 50 cents per quarter, for each scholar.

Mr. Dannenberg pledges himself, that his pupils shall have the strictest attention paid to their accomplishment in this branch of *Petite Education*.

N.B. He continues giving Private Lessons on the Piano-forte at his House, and attends Ladies at their Houses, if required.

For sale, a very fine toned GRAND PIANO-FORTE, of Messrs. Broadwood and Son, London—selected by Mr. Frederick Rausch.

December 10, 1808. 1034—tf

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No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

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Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in general, that he has removed to No. 156, Broadway, where he solicits a continuation of their custom, and flatters himself that the quality of his stock, and his attention to business, will meet with their approbation. He has lately received, by arrival from Liverpool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz pins, Bracelets and Rings

ON HAIR.

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Plain and Cornelian Keys; Gold Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Rings, Lockets, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea, and Desert Spoons; Soup Ladles and Fish Knives; Tortoise-shell, Dressing, and Fine Combs, Scissors, Penknives, Best Whitechapel Needles in quarters, and a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the shortest Notice.

January 28. 1041—tf

A PEW FOR SALE.

The Pew, No. 140, in Christ's Church, being the second from the wall, in the north-west corner of the Church.—For terms apply at No. 104, Maiden-lane,

NEW-YORK.

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